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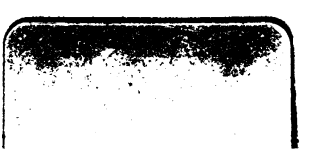
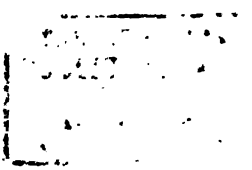
Poetry (American)





"In my heart the rare melody rings as of old—
How precious these memories are!
And her touch, Lucie dear, had a sweetness untold
On the strings of her quaint old guitar!"

— *An Old Guitar.*

The Wayside Shrine
and Other Poems

BY
MARTHA ELVIRA PETTIS

"Wayside shrines!" said Goethe. "Do they not serve to recall wide, wandering thoughts, and turn them into a higher and a better channel?"

BOSTON
SHERMAN, FRENCH & COMPANY
1914

[illegible] rare melody rings as of old —
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[illegible] of her quaint old guitar!"

An Old Guitar.

Not in
Aug. 31. 22

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To my sister

Isabel

and to my friend

Margaret Richardson Crawford

To you — and to sweet memory —
This little book belongs:
To hours of joy you shared with me —
Dear voices, and old songs.

These gathered flowers of happiness
I bring to you,— their story tell:
And yet they may but half express
All that you know so well!

22X169

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PART I

POEMS OF NATURE AND FANCY

THE SECRET TOLD BY MARCH WINDS

"The pathway . . . that leads to the rose."
CELIA THAXTER.

"For the Rose . . . ho! the Rose! is the grace of the earth!" BROWNING'S *Achilles Tatius.*

CAME a keen wind of March, chill and strong.
(Earth awoke, through her winter of snows;)
Hark! the storm-voice, with sigh and with song,
Chanting, "March is the path to the rose!"

Dark, dark are her skies, yet through gloom
Shine flashing-sweet visions of spring —
Nay, of summer's delight and perfume,
And her singing birds, swift on the wing.

Wild March, thou art music in Life!
Thrilling secrets thy tempests disclose;
Through storm, and through sorrow and strife
Comes March; 'tis the "path to the rose!"

OUTWARD BOUND

"En voyage, on rétrouve ce fond de flânerie qui sommeille dans le coin du coeur, de chacun de nous."

"OUTWARD bound!" The blue waves sparkle,—
Wind-swept waves, with morning bright;
Speeds the good ship onward, onward
Like a dream,— beyond our sight.

White-winged thoughts, like sea-gulls, follow
Oh, how swiftly o'er the deep!
Prayer, and hope, and longing tender
Round the ship their vigil keep.

"Outward bound!" How much of gladness
Now in many a life is stirred!
Joyful hopes, bright dreams awaken
Music-echoes in the word!

Yet far other,— deeper echoes
Thrill within the lonely heart,
With a wilder, stranger cadence,—
"*Outward bound?*" It means *to part!*

Parting,— parting! Yet God ruleth
O'er the raging of the wave;
He who walked upon the waters
Still is strong to help and save.

Out at sea! And evening shadows
O'er the wave steal silently;
With what peace, and calm, and beauty
Night is falling,— *out at sea!*

"Outward bound," the solemn surges
Chant, in mighty under-tone;
There's a Voice, amid their sighing,
Whispers to each heart, alone:

As of old, His word of glory
Moves upon the waters dim. . . .
Mightiest of creation's story,
Ocean's night still speaks of Him.

Onward! For the Old World beckons; —
Mountain-heights, cloud-veiled, snow-crowned,
Storied forest, lake, and valley,
All are calling "*Outward bound!*"

THE WAYSIDE SHRINE

At Triberg, in the Black Forest

Walking up the hill-path above the village, I stooped to gather some pale blue flowers growing at the foot of a carved wood Crucifix, the figure life-size,— evidently old and much frequented, for the steps leading up to it were worn with use. An aged woman, a peasant, stopped in passing and, thinking I was kneeling at the shrine, offered me a cluster of the blue flowers, and said gently, "*Sie beten? Bete fur mich!*" ("You are praying? Pray for me!") and passed on, with the smile of farewell. Just a meeting, a parting, and a prayer!

From my *Journal.*

One moment we met by the wayside;
(In life such brief meetings must be!)
But her words I have never forgotten,—
"You are praying?" she said. "Pray for me!"

Two pilgrims: to one, looking forward,
Life's visions, life's hopes beckon sweet;
The other for long years had journeyed
Earth's pathway with faltering feet.

One look at the shrine she holds sacred,—
Mute glance, but how touching the plea!
Looking up to the Face 'neath the thorn-crown,
Soul to soul breathes a sigh, "Pray for me!"

Below us in peace the fair village
Lies, framed in the sunset's deep gold;
Quiet homes! Here the tired hearts come often
Joys, griefs, at this shrine to unfold.

What hopes strive with fears by this wayside?
What vision of joy can she see?
What longing throbs in that petition,
"You are praying? O friend, *pray for me!*"

She passed on in the shadows of evening,
Where the "after-glow" died, dim and gray;
And my heart the refrain kept repeating,—
"You are praying; oh, then, for *me* pray!"

And still among life's passing shadows,
Still sweet among mem'ries of mine,
Are the little blue flowers (I've kept them)
From Triberg, by the quaint wayside shrine.

They call back the deep, golden twilight,
Soft stealing on hillside and tree;
The Face with the thorn-crown, bent o'er us,
Seems to hear the heart's sigh, "Pray for me!"

Thus oft, as we meet in our journey,
Friends, wayfarers,— pass on our way,
We may read the appeal, though *unspoken*,
In a glance or a sigh, "For me pray!"

Sometimes, a hand clasped, a word spoken
  Of sympathy,— message divine! —
For the moment (though parting comes after),
  Seems to make of the wayside a shrine!

And oh, when the heart faints with longing,
  He is there, though our eyes cannot see:
The Compassionate One, bending o'er us,
  Stoops to hear the heart's sigh, "Pray for me!"

ALCYONÉ

"Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades?"
Job 38:31.

"But where is the sun that sways suns? Mädler of Dorpat announces that the star Alcyoné, one of the Pleiades, is the central sun of our sun, and many others. . . . Equal to 12,000 of our suns. A light unapproachable by mortals." H. W. WARREN.

"Sweeter than the influence of Alcyoné, in the Pleiades, is the love of God!" I. M. H.

ALCYONÉ — mysterious name —
Mysterious central sun of light!
While circling suns around thee flame,
Too glorious, thou, for mortal sight!

Long ages, on the brow of heaven,
Swaying all worlds, thou still didst shine;
Brightest among the "sacred seven,"
Where is that wondrous path of thine?

Veiled is thy splendor, mystic star;
Dark earth the vision dimly sees;
Dimly we feel thee from afar,
The "influence sweet" of Pleiades!

Sublime, ye write His name of Love;
The heavens with awe and wonder thrill
When, through our glittering night, ye move,
Bright worlds, to do His sovereign will!

Burning, in realms of light, afar,
(Perchance where sainted feet have trod!)
Alcyoné, benignant star!
Dost thou behold *the throne of God?*

SPINNING

"What vision of the change to come is given to the spinner of the cocoon?"

"Behold, I show you a mystery."

RESTLESS,— and wandering,—
What is this mood? 'Tis strange:
Can, then, the lowly thing
Dream of a coming change?

Spinning,— not knowing why;
Silken each thread, and fine;
Spinning: and shall it *die*,
Weaving such wondrous sign?

Spinning,— unseen, alone,
Folding with patient care,
Symbol and type in one,
Hiding a secret rare.

Spin on, from leaf to leaf,—
Marvellous woof entwine;
Spinner, thy life, so brief,
Moves with the plan divine.

Work on; for Life, not Death,
Waits in that tomb for thee;
Sleep on: thy fleeting breath
Held in a mystery!

Ask then, O soul of man,
What of this sleep?— nor fear;
Read, in God's wondrous plan
(Foretaste of glory, here);

Death has no chain to bind
Thy spirit, from earth set free;
Life, through this night, shall find
An immortality!

PRAYER OF THE BRÉTON FISHERMEN

On launching their boats

"Keep me, my God! My boat is so small,—and Thy ocean so wide!"

KEEP me, my God! keep me:
  So small this boat of mine,—
So wide, Thy deep, unresting sea,—
  Deeper, Thy love divine!

The winds are rising high,
  But we must brave their might,—
God guide us 'neath this stormy sky,
  God bring us home to-night.

O Thou who dost not sleep,
  Watch o'er our homes this day;
Once Thou didst walk upon the deep,—
  To Thee, to Thee we pray.

Now keep us, God of might!
  In faith we spread the sail,—
So wide this tossing sea, and white,—
  So small our boat, and frail!

SECOND SIGHT

A CELTIC LEGEND

"The Celt is the most melancholy of men. He trembles before the unknown powers of nature. Death is ever near him and the consciousness turns everything to omen." *A Summer in Skye.*

"Like the fated one who hath heard the Banshee's wail, he shall in the midst of joy feel the near presence of calamity: a boding at the heart which nothing can silence. This precious *blue flower of sorrow* is proper to the poetry of my beloved Erin."
The Philistine.

LONELY among his fellow men he dwells,
A Seer, on whose dark path dread shadows wait;
Yet to the awe-struck heart a guide who tells
The solemn mysteries of coming fate.

"Call me not near!" he cries, "O blest of earth;
I cannot linger with the gay and bright;
How could I tell, amid your careless mirth,
The mournful visions of my second sight?"

Unseen around him, messengers of ill
Remind of fast-advancing hours of doom;
Dread images his soul despairing fill,
And every step seems hastening to the tomb.

Some swift, approaching evil to be feared
The wind low whispers, with its warning breath;
Nature in all her moods is strange and weird,
And all alike are ominous of Death!

Among the hills he wanders when the snow,
Silent and deep, is weaving misty shrouds;
Funereal phantoms round him come and go,
And pale processions vanish in the clouds.

Where bitter blasts the tossing branches rock,
Wild spirit voices their complainings pour;
Soft at his window ghostly fingers knock,
And viewless feet are coming to his door.

Sternly the echoes of the thunder roll
Unto his ear the sound of coming strife;
And dreams, ah! *dreams* are mirrors to his soul
That flash back *death* upon this stormy life!

Where beauty beams from speaking eyes on thine
Thou canst not feel the fate that cometh fast;
He paints the peril of that gift divine,—
The lovelier that it may not, cannot last!

The voice of music to his weary heart
Is passionate with tears that soon must fall;
The sweetest notes but deepest gloom impart,—
A requiem-tone, prophetic, haunts them all!

THE MADNESS OF THE PROPHET

"The dumb creature, speaking with man's voice, forbade the madness of the prophet." *II Peter 2:16.*

Strange, fathomless depths in the spirit of man,—
Depths deeper than plummet shall sound;
Dark mountains no thought and no vision may scan,—
Heights of joy, deeps of terror profound.

What? Shall madness with wisdom together draw near,
And the soul of the prophet inspire?
Shall midnight and morn in the path of the seer
Dare to mingle their mystical fire?

O prophet, beware! God has holden thine eyes,
And His angel stands barring thy way;
Turn, turn from that sword! Nay, thy soul shall be wise
If thou brave not His anger this day.

Shall the creature thou smitest see clearer than thou?
Heed his warning, lift never thy rod;
Thou art blind, thou art mad. Hark! The dumb tongue is loosed
To rebuke thee, thou prophet of God!

CROWNED WITH LAUREL

The unknown statue-bust found in Rome in the tomb of the Scipios is still called only "the bust crowned with laurel."

An unknown portrait! His word, his deed,
Was it written or sung, in the hearts of men?
Can you look on his face and the legend read
Till the laurel that crowns him is green again?

Conqueror was he? Did pæans swell
For the hero superb of some battle-ground?
Ah, this we know not; we can but tell
That with laurels and honors he once was crowned.

Or was he the bard with a soul of fire,
The seer whose dreaming was half divine?
But the music is hushed and unstrung the lyre,
And the crown he wears is a shadow-sign.

Lift the dim veil, O thou unknown Fame!
Answerest not from the silence profound?
Gone are his footprints, forgotten his name,
Yet his brow with the laurel of fame was crowned.

THE KING'S LAST MESSAGE

"Remember!" The one word sent by Charles First of England as his dying message to his wife, Henrietta Maria. "As he stepped upon the scaffold," says Miss Strickland, "the noble bearing of the king, his beaming eyes and high expression, were noticed by all. Taking from his neck the medallion of St. George, he gave it to Bishop Juxon, saying with emphasis the one last word, 'Remember.' Beneath the medallion was a plate ornamented with lilies, encircling a beautiful miniature of Queen Henrietta Maria."

At Carisbrooke Castle, Isle of Wight, the little chapel of St. Nicholas in Castro has been restored in memory of King Charles the Martyr. At one end of it is a striking bust of King Charles, and underneath the single word: "Remember!"

"REMEMBER!" With the word he died.
Strange echo, ringing yet,
Down long, long years to prove to Faith
Love never can forget.

"Remember!" And forever more
That charge, in death conferred —
Sweet, sacred trust for her he loves —
Is centred in that word.

Right royal is he, standing there
With calm and noble mien,
Fearless of death; his prayer, his care
For her, his exiled queen.

"Remember!" To one heart alone
Is known the secret spring
Held in that word — sole treasure left
By England's dying king.

Aye, he who reigned o'er that proud land
To her was more than king;
Deep memories — sweet, and cruel too —
That message sad, must bring.

He shall not clasp her hand again,
Nor gaze in her true eyes;
Nor speak the love that still is hers
As, kingly still, he dies.

Yet in that one mysterious word
A world of love is told;
A world of grief. Ah! how shall words
Such memories unfold?

"Remember?" How can she forget
The strangely checkered years,
The fallen throne, the vanished crown,
Seen dimly now through tears?

"Remember!" Many a happy hour
Comes back her heart to thrill;
Through dark and lonely coming years
She will remember still.

"Remember?" Yes, while hearts shall
beat,
While love and truth are one,
That word shall fling a deathless spell
As shadow cast by sun!

A CROWN — FOR ASHES

"Beauty for ashes: (margin, 'a crown')."
Isaiah 61: 22.

"Ashes, ashes,"— saddest echo
Lingers on the autumn air;
"Dust to dust,"— the flowers are fallen
That but yesterday were fair.

"Ashes?" Yes, the rose in blooming
Lays her crimson glory by;
Death, with cruel, chilling kisses,
Steals each fleeting, fragrant sigh.

"Dust and ashes!" All our treasure,—
Brightest hopes the heart can know,—
Faded, fallen: can we lay them
In the dust to perish so?

No! From heaven the flower we cherished
Wafts its thrilling sweetness down;
There the loveliness that perished
Wears,— for ashes,— Beauty's crown.

WHEN WE HEARD THE NIGHT-SWALLOW'S SONG

A MEMORY

"Come and listen," said the boy, "to the whip-poor-will's soft singing!
I have wanted you so long, so long, to hear the song with me!"
For the fair June day was dying in a sweet and tender radiance,
And the boy and I stood, hand in hand, beneath the apple tree.

Oh, that summer day! How gently, stealing back, its charm enfolds me!
We had spent the hours together in the field and on the hill;
And around the quiet farm-house now the twilight shadows falling
Hushed our voices and our hearts, when, soft! we heard the whip-poor-will.

I remember how the boy's eyes shone with gladness as he listened;
Many, many times he'd told me that to him the twilight hour
Was the sweeter for the coming of the whip-poor-will's faint music,
That it seemed to fill the even-tide with mystic charm and power.

"Now, at last," he said, "*with you* I can share
the happy secret!
For 'tis only in the gloaming, when all the
woods are still,
That from the rustling trees — you hear them?
— float the notes of silver,
And the winged songster ventures near, the sad-
voiced whip-poor-will."

Still we stood, hand clasping hand; and from
the rustling branches
Came first a shy and pensive note, and then a
rippling trill,
Growing bolder every moment, sweeter, clearer,
in the darkness; —
Sang our hearts the "happy secret," sang it
with the whip-poor-will.

"Let us walk a little further, through the fields
awhile," he whispered;
Oh, so many birds were singing! All the night
they seemed to thrill,
As we wandered in a wilderness of melody en-
chanting,
And through the sweet, soft stillness sang the
dreamy whip-poor-will.

Strange! That summer night has left us but
an echo of the bird-song,—
But the mem'ry of the boy's face, of his pres-
ence, of his voice:

He has passed beyond earth's music; he is hearing other voices;
In the rapture and the glory he shall evermore rejoice!

But I think he still remembers how we shared the happy secret,
When we stood there in the twilight, and all the woods were still,—
When around the quiet farm-house fell the silence of the evening,
And our hearts were hushed to silence as we heard the whip-poor-will.

BLUEBIRDS RETURNING IN MARCH

THE roses die in the darkening sky,
With the shadow that night-fall brings;
What is it floats through the twilight by,
With a flutter of gentle wings?

Two little birds on a branch alight
Of my stately sentinel tree;
Do they rest tonight from a weary flight
O'er the distant silver sea?

In the dreamy sleep of the woodland deep
Their glancing wings have stirred;
And in misty paths, where the proud winds sweep,
Their thrilling song I heard:

"From our nest in the jasmine shade, afar
We fly to our northern home;
In the glowing light of many a star
We have crossed the white sea foam!

"Like the still night-wind, like the silent dew,
Our message of joy we bring;
We are wearing the blue of the violet's hue,
And we tell of the skies of spring!"

While their swift wings droop for a moment there
In the hush of the coming night,
I am thinking of One whose tender care
Has marked their lofty flight.

Now the evening bell, like a thought of prayer,
Floats out in the twilight gray;
From the western sky, from the evening air,
The splendor is dying away:

And again I hear the daring sweep
Of bright wings, swift and proud,
As they fly where the crimson is soft and deep,
To the heart of the burning cloud!

'Twas a dream of peace to my heart they brought,
In the cool, dim even-tide,—
That He who for their brief life takes thought
Does the circling planets guide!

And our flight, like theirs, may be high and proud
In the purer upper air;
We may enter fearless the darkest cloud,
For a guiding Hand is there.

WHENCE AND WHITHER?

THE SWALLOW'S FLIGHT

A Story of an *Olde Easter Daye,* A. D. 679

Suggested by the beautiful appeal of a Saxon noble in the court of King Edwin, of Northumbria, to the Witenagemote,— comparing the present life of man (whose beginning and end is in darkness) to a swallow entering a lighted banquet-hall to find refuge from the storm without,— flitting for a moment through the warm and cheerful apartment, and then passing out into the gloom; he proposed that if Christianity should be found to lighten this obscurity and explain "whence we came and whither we *depart,*" it should immediately be adopted. King Edwin and his queen Ethelburga (daughter of Bertha of France) had already accepted the Christian religion.

'Twas the Easter Eve. The wild storm voices
  Rang the vigil of the Holy Feast;
Many footsteps crowd the palace portals;
  Hasting there come warrior, knight, and
    priest.

In the Banquet Hall the nobles gather;
  Chosen council of the Wise and Old
Wait the monarch's word,— for rumor whispers
  Tidings marvellous he will unfold!

Late from Rome had come the priest Paulinus
  To the court (a prelate of renown),
From Pope Gregory a message bringing,—
  Christian greeting to the Saxon crown.

Throned the King,— the Etheling,— is sitting;
Poised above his head, his conquering spear;
There his coat of mail, his sword and helmet
In the pomp and pride of war appear.

Odin's banners, mighty shields of Freja,
Hang, and wave, and sway against the wall:
" *Wahrift* " shining richly in the firelight
Splendid, in the glowing Banquet Hall.

One bright shield among the blazoned banners
Pictures many a knightly word and deed;
'Tis the Queen's ancestral Kentish Ensign,
Lady Ethelburga's snow-white steed.

But tonight, all earthly pomp's forgotten,
In her face there shines a light most fair:
Some new joy, some radiant heavenly vision,
Touched her silent lips with words of prayer.

'Tis the Easter Eve, so long forgotten,—
From this night a blessed Feast to stand,—
Joyful, sacred Day of Resurrection,
Dawning on that almost heathen land!

Near the queen the fair-haired maiden, Hilda,
(Whitby's Abbess-Saint in later days),
Whispers, " O my lady, who shall utter,
King or priest, the glorious words of praise? "

'Tis the King, and not the priest, who's speaking:
"Ye Northumbrian warriors, listen well!
I, who worshipped Odin, prayed to Freja,
Oh, what tidings now are mine to tell!"

Reverently, in accents low and tender,
Edwin named the Holy, Blessed Name;
Told how Christ, to share our mortal nature,
In His wondrous love and pity came:

"His the voice I've heard divinely calling,
Nobler than Earth's voices,— truest, best;
'Come to Me,' He saith, 'all ye who sorrow;
Come to Me, and I will give you rest!'

"Answer now your King, the Lord of Glory;
He hath found a ransom from the grave;
Christ, the Giver of our life eternal,—
Christ, and only Christ, the soul can save!"

Through his words the thunder rolls like music;
Fast upon the roof the rain-drops fall;
Suddenly, from blackest gloom and tempest,
Flits a swallow through the Banquet Hall.

Flitting swallow! Only there a moment,
Darting into light and cheer and song;
Swiftly poised, on glancing wings of beauty,—
Then into the midnight borne along!

"See, O King!" a noble gravely answers:
"In from night and storm the bird has flown;
Here in brightness like a shadow lingers,
Flutters, then into the dark unknown!

"*Such the life of man!* From darkness waking
Into song and beauty and delight;
Yet a few brief years earth's joy partaking,—
Then the sleep of Death's unending night!

"All we love into the grave are going;
On our hearts the saddest farewells fall;
Have they died away in endless silence
As the bird flies through the Banquet Hall?

"Whither, whither have our lost ones vanished?
Fair, bright faces,— mother, sister, wife?
Little children? Tell us, shall we find them
On that shore you call Eternal Life?

"If thy God, O King, hath granted to thee
Aught of Death's strange mystery to know,
We, too, will believe if thou canst tell us
Whence we came and whither we shall go?

"Can I ask thee more? Yet oh, the longing!
Every heart is thrilled with hope and fear;
Tell us more about the Life Immortal,
If a God of Love our sighs can hear?"

Still the king, in attitude of prayer,
Lifted hands, and eyes that saw the day:
" Thou, O Christ! " he said, " in earth's despair,
Thou the Life, the Truth art, and the Way!

" Not the swallow, in the midnight fleeing,
Is thy type, O deathless soul of mine!
But the lilies, lifted into being
Out of darkness, picture life divine! "

Then with outstretched hands, as if in blessing,
Turned he to the awed and kneeling throng:
" Listen all! " he said, " and speak, Paulinus!
Let us hear the notes of angels' song! "

PAULINUS' SERMON

" Love to give its gift ne'er lingers;
So at dawn, e'er fled night's gloom,
Came two women, faithful-hearted,
First to seek the sacred tomb.

" Hark! They hear angelic voices;
'Fear not, ye who seek the Lord!
Jesus, crucified, is risen;
'Tis fulfilled, His promised word! '

" In the garden where they laid Him
Mary weeps, yet not alone;
He who knows the heart's deep sorrow
Standeth near,— as One Unknown.

" But His voice! Does she remember
Still, in heaven, *that moment sweet?*
'*Mary!*'—'*Master!*' Joy awaking,
Love would clasp His sacred feet!

" No, she may not even linger
There, to wonder and adore;
'Go,' He bids her, 'tell my brethren,
They shall see their Lord once more.'

" '*Touch me not!*' that word mysterious!
He had passed Death's threshold dim;
Still for her the earthly mission,—
Precious task,— to speak of Him!

" Solemn was the charge, and tender;
Still to us the echoes fall:
'Ye who know the Risen Saviour,
Tell the news with joy to all!'

" 'Risen!' Bear the tidings glorious!
Jesus in the grave has lain,—
Heaven is ours, since He, victorious,
Won our Eden back again!"

Still the thunder rolled, like organ music,—
Rose, like voices on the wind, and died,—
While Paulinus, in the solemn stillness,
Told of that first holy Easter-Tide.

In all hearts the Day has dawned; the waking
From the sleep of ages, sad and long;
'Tis the Easter Morn; and Death's cold silence
Thrills and vibrates with Life's victor-song!

"THE FACE THAT ANGELO PAINTED"

Standing beneath the central dome of St. Peter's Church in Rome, and looking upward, you will see, dimly at first, then distinctly, a painting by Michael Angelo; it is called "The Ancient of Days." By many travellers it is never seen; only by one who looks for the wonder.

HIGH in the dome of Saint Peter's,
(Over the whispers of prayer),
There's a Face that Angelo painted,
Hidden in shadows, there.

Hidden; the blue mists veil it
In the cathedral gloom;
Hidden,— though shafts of sunlight
The mystical scroll illume.

But the moment of sure revealing
Came to my upward gaze,
And I saw that face,— as in vision,—
The Face of the Ancient of Days.

Long had I stood in the silence
Ere the rapture of seeing was mine;
Waiting, till dawned in its beauty
The Form of a Presence Divine.

In the still, still hush of Saint Peter's,
(Marvellous missal in air),
Shines the face that Angelo painted,
Hidden in shadows there.

So I shall stand in the fading
Of Life's last sunset dim,
Looking upward to God in the stillness,
Seeking a smile from Him;

Seeing His Face through the shadows
Oh, more than divinely fair;
But then no longer in vision,
For He Himself will be there.

AN ALPINE "GOOD NIGHT"

A custom still observed in Switzerland among the mountains. As the sun is setting over the higher Alps, a herdsman calls through his Alpine horn, "Praise the Lord God!" and is answered from other heights in the same words. When the call has echoed through the mountains and died away, the same herdsman calls through his horn again, "Good Night," and this greeting also echoes from chalet to chalet.

A MOUNTAIN solitude: a shrine of God!
All, all is peace; the stillness calls to prayer.
These lofty heights may angel feet have trod;
We listen: voices stir the evening air.

A herdsman's voice rings down the mountain side;
Far through the Alpine horn his call is heard:
"Praise the Lord God! Praise ye the Lord our God!"
Another voice, another, takes the word;
The sun is sinking,—"Let us praise the Lord."

From peak to peak the inspiring summons rolls;
From purest snow to valley-path it rings:
"Praise, praise the Lord our God!"
To every mountain home steals sweet the call,
And down the valley far the echoes fall:
"Praise, let us praise our God!"

What grander chorus, o'er the mountains borne,
Girdling the Alps? The words of praise re-
sound;
And many voices join the gladsome strain.
Now night is falling, and the shadows deep
Drift o'er the spotless fields of snow untrod;
'Tis night upon the mountains,— praise our
God.

To us who stand below, the village street
Seems flooded with that music as from heaven;
We listen, and our hearts leap up to meet
The aspiration: "Praise to God be given!"

The thrilling notes have died, have died away
Into the sunset, cold, and pale, and gray;
Far echoes faint and fall;
Far shadows fade from sight;
Again the herdsman's voice in greeting comes
To other shepherds in their mountain homes:
"Good night!" and now, "good night!"

It echoes far and wide; the answer swells:
"Good night, good night!" where but a moment
since
The accents fell of praise and gratitude;
The Alpine air was vocal with "Good night."
Of peace it tells; of home and brotherhood;
Safe is the darkness; sweet the solitude.
"Good night" again; and now the night is
good.

TROUBLED OF ANGELS

BETHESDA

"An Angel went down at a certain season and troubled the water."

Deep heart, that like a mighty sea
Dost surge and sway so restlessly,
What forms are these
In shining white
Walk thy dark waves through silent night?

Answered my heart in sighs to me:
"Angels are these, who visit thee!
With hands outstretched,
With steps divine,
Heaven-sent, to stir these depths of mine."

Proud heart! I said. These angels throng
Too fast, too fast, thy waves along!
Strange faces veiled,
Dim shrouded forms,
Rush on, like wildest passion-storms!

"Angels of Memory!" throbbed my heart.
"Oft hast thou bidden them depart;
Their faces gleam
Through mists of tears
All down the long, long, silent years!"

Who comes, this Angel pure and fair,
With brow of snow, with floating hair?
" To greet thee,
Innocence her name,
First in thy childhood days she came!"

Still o'er the troubled waters glide
Three sister-spirits, side by side:
Pale angels,—
Patience, Hope, and Pain:
They vanish, yet return again!

Down the long vista, dim and far,
What face shines out, a glorious star?
O Love! O Love!
Most fair, most sweet!
My heart was broken 'neath thy feet!

Come thou and charm these waves to rest.
Immortal Faith! Calm spirit-guest,
" Troubled of angels,"
Evermore!
Bidding this heart believe, adore.

PART II

MUSIC AND MEMORY

ALCESTIS TO ADMETUS

An inscription on an Etruscan vase, depicting the "Farewell of Admetus and Alcestis," reads: "Lo! she saves him from Acheron and makes an offering of herself." Admetus is saved in his last hour, when the winged messenger has come for him. It had been decreed by the Fates that if one of his nearest relatives would become his substitute, his life would be spared; and his wife, Alcestis, claims the right of dying in his stead.

"Greater love hath no man than this . . . to lay down his life for his friend."

"I WOULD die for you," you said.
O my love! How little worth
Just *my* life,— if you were dead,—
What to me the joy of earth?

"Would I die for you?" you ask:
Dear — so little 'tis, to do:
Harder,— harder far,— the task
To be living, without you!

Earth is fair, but while you live;
Precious, every fleeting breath
Yours! What joy, that I may give
Life — to hold you back from Death!

ON A PICTURE OF LADY JANE GREY READING PLATO

A FAIR girl bending o'er an ancient page,
Her lovely head with thoughtful beauty crowned:
Thus Roger Ascham, pastor, friend, and sage,
Once, on a summer day, his pupil found.

"'Tis Plato you are reading?" Here his glance
The volume seemed to scan, with earnest air:
"But why to-day? Why shun the maidens' dance,
When sunshine lies upon the lawn so fair?"

The girl looked up, her dark eyes full of peace:
"'Tis here I find my happiness, you see;
Ev'n Plato knew from fear of death release —
And *we*, dear friend, have so much *more* than he!

"He wrote of immortality — how high
His noble words, that thrill your heart and mine;
He hoped — believed — the soul would never die;
But we — we *know* the Truth, and Power divine!"

So spoke the gentle girl, long years ago.
So speak we now (faith's whispers ne'er deceive!);
What God hath promised, she was soon to know;
And we shall see Him, Whom our souls believe!

Not vainly, Plato, in that soul of thine
Reason said grandly, "Hope — believe — adore!"
Our Faith, with lifted heart, replies: "'Tis mine
To grasp his promise — Life forevermore."

ELISABETH OF FRANCE

1794

Madame Elisabeth-Marie-Helene of France, sister of Louis XVI, when she was sentenced to die by the guillotine, gave evidence of a spirit most heroic. In the room called "*La Salle des derniers moments*," she, with twenty-three other condemned persons, for a day and a night awaited death. Madame Elisabeth, occupied with others, as always, and forgetting self, succeeded in inspiring her companions with the courage, faith, and hope so strong in her own brave, trusting heart. Rejoicing in sustaining their last steps, she was an angel of consolation; and all these dying women went to the scaffold strengthened by her kiss.

In "the Hall of the last moments,"
Fronting death, her gentle glance
Sees but heaven,— so calm, so fearless
Is Elisabeth of France.

Whispering of hope and comfort,
Woman's pure, unfaltering faith
Like a star that Day of Terror
Shone above the hour of death.

Face to face, with fleeting moments,
Noble men, pale women, wait,
Brave, yet hopeless, knowing truly
Death alone unbars that gate!

Hopeless? No! God sends His angel,
Filled with faith, with courage high;
Can you think, to look upon *her*,
She, like them, to-day must die?

"Shall we fear, when God is calling?
Earth, this day, we change for heaven!"
As she speaks, all hearts, reviving,
Kindle at her words, God-given!

Calm, deep eyes, in trust uplifted,
Meeting visions, heavenly fair;
For the "hall of the last moments"
Hallowed is by words of prayer!

As to Paul, through storm and shipwreck,
Thrilling words of cheer resound:
"*All that sail with thee, God gives thee!*"
So, *this woman's* faith is crowned!

And, though flies each hurrying moment,
At the threshold stands "the last";
On each face heaven's light is shining,
All Death's bitterness is past.

See, before us comes a picture:
'Tis a far-off heathen land;
Sad-eyed mothers, little children
'Round a gentle woman stand.

Face to face, with fleeting moments,
Every hour *some* soul must wait,
Oft unknowing, for all viewless
Is the presence *they* call Fate!

Life is passing, swift as sorrow,
Sorrow, where no hope may shine;
"Last, last moments!" all unlighted
By the promises divine!

But the teacher's voice is telling
Once again that story sweet,
How the Master loves the children,
How He guards their wayward feet.

And the mothers! listening, listening!
Many a breaking heart is stirred
Into life and joy undying
By God's true and simple word!

We, who hold that word most precious,
Cling to promises divine —
Pray that faith, the light immortal,
In these darkened lives may shine!

Fleeting! fleeting! Many a spirit
In His crown now shines, a gem;
Women, led by sister-women,
Kneel to touch His garment's hem.

Oh, to stand 'mid fleeting moments,
With a calm and heavenward glance,
Messenger of inspiration,
Like Elisabeth of France!

THE DREAM OF CLAUDIA PROCULA

"When he was set down on the judgment seat, his wife sent unto him, saying: 'Have thou nothing to do with that just man: for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of him.'"

Matthew 27: 19.

HAVE thou naught to do with Him, O Pilate,—
With that Just One! For to-night a dream
Or an angel spoke: most dread revealing
Did the vision seem!

Throned amid the clouds of heaven I see Him;
See the lightnings flashing from His brow;
And *that Face!* — 'tis His, the Galilean's,
Thou art judging now.

Oh, the clouds of splendor! they enfold Him:
How the angels throng; their faces shine;
Oh, His eyes! with calmness, deep, majestic,
Looking into mine: —

But I shrink away,— I cannot bear it,
All that glory! Heaven is bending down,
And the thorn-pierced, mighty brow, refulgent,
Wears a victor's crown!

Earth, all hushed, is waiting to adore Him,
Mighty seas are murmuring at His feet;
Mountain heights, in silence, grand, before Him
Stand, their King to greet.

See, the nations gather; He hath called them,—
His, the mighty fiat they obey;
His, the Man enthroned amid the Angels
On that awful day.

Darest *thou* meet Him, in the hour of judgment?
Pilate,— canst thou answer to His call?
Trembling I behold thee; pallid terror
Holdeth thee in thrall:

Dumb, convicted, thou wouldst sue for mercy,
Yet canst find no plea, can speak no word:
Who is this? — the Judge, whose silence smiteth
Like avenging sword?

Fades the dream, as dawn dispels the midnight;
Last to vanish is that Face sublime;
And His eyes, still searching mine, command me
Speak, while yet there's time.

Oh, refuse not! Pilate, heed the vision,—
All my soul in anguish bids thee hear;
Oh, condemn thou not, this Man, the Just One;
For I fear, I *fear!*

ESTHER

"Who knowest whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" *Esther 4:14.*

"For the writing, sealed with the king's ring, may no man reverse." *Esther 8:8.*

Said the queen: "I dare not enter
To entreat the monarch's grace;
Who unbidden comes before him
Finds 'tis *death* to seek his face!"

Swiftly came the warning answer:
"Think not thine own life to save,
If thou wilt not, for thy people,
Now the royal anger brave!

"Though the stern decree is written,
Prayer of thine may bring release;—
Word of thine may save thy nation,—
Canst thou dare, then, hold thy peace?

"Hasten to the king! Who knoweth
If, for this eventful hour,
Thou art come; and to thy pleading,
He will speak the word of power?"

In that moment — did she falter?
No; her woman's heart was true!
God had given her powers more noble,
Far more regal than she knew!

Hear her promise, bravely spoken:
"God in me His mercy show!
With my heart to him uplifted,
Though I perish, *I will go!*"

Just without the presence-chamber,
Near the monarch's lofty throne —
Who is this, who, trembling, hoping,
Brave, yet falt'ring, stands alone?

See, the king has looked upon her,
Reading all her doubt — her fear;
Silently, he bids her welcome —
Bids the suppliant one draw near.

Spoke he, while she touched the sceptre,—
(Of his royal grace, the sign),—
"Come, Queen Esther, thy petition,
All thou askest shall be thine!"

If to woman's heart this story
Ever sweeter, dearer seem,
'Tis that here she reads her life-work,
Fairer than a poet's dream.

Wondrous gift is hers! Like Esther
She, a sovereign queen, shall reign,
If she seeks the Presence-chamber,
Grace for other souls to gain!

Go, brave heart, then; self forgetting,
  Dare to plead thy people's wrong;
Still the heart for *others* caring
  In its gentleness is strong!

Hasten to the King! Who knoweth
  If, for this eventful hour,
Thou art come; and to *thy* pleading
  He will speak the word of power?

Go! He will be gracious to thee,—
  All thy faithful heart is known
Unto Him. He bends to succor
  Her who kneels before His throne.

Take thy faith in God! God-given
  Fount whence hope and courage spring;—
Voice that bids the queen in woman
  Rise and take the signet-ring!

Prayer, the signet-ring of promise —
  Precious seal of Royal grace;
(Christ's dear Name!) — for all who love thee,
  All thou lovest, seek His face!

LAST ROSES

"I brought roses to her. She said, 'They will bloom for you in heaven.'"

Last roses of earth: they were laid on her
breast.
Pale roses of grief: Love's last sighing they
bear.
But, oh! the gates open! The sainted, the
blest,
With the roses of heaven are meeting her there.

Last roses,— last tears! In their fragrance
they fell
For earth's vanishing beauty, earth's sorrow
and strife:
Love's roses in dying breathe saddest farewell;
But deathless they bloom by the River of Life.

ALICE TALKING WITH ANGELS

THE INVISIBLE GUEST IN GRANDFATHER'S CHAIR

"Once, when Grandfather had gone abroad, the child was heard talking with the gentle Lady Arbella, as if she were still sitting in the chair. So sweet a child as Alice may fitly talk with angels."

HAWTHORNE'S *Grandfather's Chair.*

STRANGELY carved and richly gilded
Is the ancient chair of state;
Linked with many old romances,
Many a name of good and great.

In the twilight, little Alice
Stands beside the empty chair;
Evening shadows, falling softly,
Touch and veil her golden hair.

On her gentle face, a radiance
Lingers, as from heaven it came;
Are you listening, little Alice,
While the angels call your name?

Through the silent room, sweet Alice,
Come there guests to us unknown?
Angel-guests, whose voices murmur
Blessed words, for you alone?

Listen! In her childish accents
She is talking, sweet and low,
Calling back an unseen presence,—
One who dwelt here long ago!

She whose name the child is speaking
Long has slept in church-yard sod.
"Were you tired?" asks little Alice,
"Were you glad to go to God?

"Glad to go? Oh, yes, I know it!
How much better *Heaven* must be!
Only,— sometimes,— in the twilight
You will come and talk with me!"

And the child can teach me, truly,
When the hurrying day is done,
How I, too, may talk with angels,—
Call them to me, one by one.

That still hour, Life's cares forgotten,
Heaven's bright gates half open seem;
Shining faces, strange sweet voices,—
Silence wraps me like a dream:

In the twilight, silent, waiting,
Turned from human praise or blame,
Like sweet Alice, I have listened
While the angels called my name.

That was years ago, Lucie; 'tis forty, and more,
Since the music thrilled through these old strings;
While her hand ('twas so fair and so white!) swept them o'er
As she sang — still I fancy she sings.

If an echo of earth floats through music in heaven,
Old days and old songs are still dear;
For she cannot forget (Love's immortal, once given!),
And her voice once again I shall hear.

In my heart the rare melody rings as of old —
How precious these memories are!
And her touch, Lucie dear, had a sweetness untold,
On the strings of her quaint old guitar!

VESPER MUSIC

IN A CONVENT CHAPEL

Now the evening shadows lengthen, and the twilight touches fall
Dimly, softly, while we watch them, o'er the pictures on the wall;
And each saintly image, bending, seems in rapt and earnest prayer,
While the music of the anthem floats upon the Sabbath air.

From the high and arching windows comes the light in flushes red,
And it lingers, like a blessing, on each bowed and youthful head,
While their drooping veils enfold them, with a sweet and nameless grace,
Till they seem almost like visions, kneeling in the sacred place.

Not a footstep in the chapel, not a whisper uttered there;
And the black-robed, mournful sisters kneel in silence everywhere.
And we wonder what is spoken in the stillness of each heart,
In this band of silent sisters, dwelling all in gloom apart;

Does the past come back to touch them, 'mid
their longings and their prayers?
Seek they peace from bitter mem'ries in this
inner world of theirs?

There is nothing here to tell us if their hearts
have still the power
To bring back forgotten moments in this
dreamy, twilight hour;
In this scene of wondrous beauty; in the rolling
organ tone,
In the deep, mysterious shadows from the lofty
arches thrown.

There's a glory round the altar as the sunset
groweth dim,
Sweetest voices far above us chant their solemn
evening hymn;
Still the colored light seems filling all the silent
chapel aisle,
And the thrilling vesper-music floateth down-
ward all the while.

And the Form above the altar! By the gran-
deur there enshrined
By the hand upraised in blessing,—'tis the Sav-
iour of mankind:
On that brow serene and holy 'tis the light of
heaven we see;
Pardon, Lord, this erring worship. Be it given
all to Thee!

May thy peace here hover o'er us; here on every
heart be shed;
May it meet us and surround us, as our steps
are hither led;
On each sorrow-laden spirit let thy balm of
healing fall;
Every soul has sinned against Thee; grant for-
giveness, Lord, for all!

And while still this sacred anthem rises upward
to thy throne,
May our hearts be lifted with it to a bliss before
unknown;
This Thy Temple, Lord, be hallowed, and Thy
love around it cast,
When we leave it, 'mid the shadows, and the
vesper-hour is past.

THE DAUGHTER OF CHALDEA

THE SEER'S WARNING TO BABYLON

"Sit on the ground — there is no throne — . . . O daughter of the Chaldeans. . . . I was wroth with my people. . . . Thou didst show them no mercy. . . . Very heavily hast thou laid thy yoke upon the ancient!"
Isaiah 47: 1.

In the dust, O Chaldea's daughter,
In darkness, in silence, alone,—
Go mourning thy kingdom and beauty,
In the dust,— nevermore on thy throne.

Now cometh on thee desolation;
Thy wisdom, thy knowledge are vain;
Thy days of enchantment are over,
They never shall know thee again.

In the dust, O Chaldea's daughter,
In darkness, in silence, alone,—
Go mourn for thy pride and thy beauty,
And thy kingdom,— for thee is no throne.

Of old I was wroth with my people;
I had given them into thine hand,—
Into *thine*, O Chaldea's daughter!
Mine exiles were slaves in thy land.

They were wearied with grief and with sighing;
Thou knewest it well in that day!
And yet thou didst show them no mercy,
But turned from their sorrows away.

In the dust, O Chaldea's daughter,
In darkness, in silence, alone,—
Mourn, mourn for thy pride and thy beauty:
They are lost,— they are lost, with thy throne!

"WHERE DO THE DAYS GO?"

A QUESTION ASKED AT TWILIGHT BY A CHILD

How dark the room is growing;
  How bright the evening sky!
I see the shadows falling,—
  To-day is passing by!

Come, watch it from the window,
  As night is coming on,—
The Night — the Night,— I wonder
  Where has the daylight gone?

This morning I remember
  It was so soft and bright;
Now all the gold is fading,—
  Why is it gone to-night?

You tell me of a country
  That's beautiful and fair,—
Where Night has never entered,
  — *And do the Days go there?*

Far, far upon the mountain,
  Where sunbeams linger still,—
Oh! is it *there* they're sleeping,
  Beyond the highest hill?

Is it to *heaven* they're going,
  Where all the Days begin?
Are burning clouds the gateway
  To let the day-light in?

CANDLEMAS

FEBRUARY SECOND

The day (according to St. Luke's Gospel) when Mary and Joseph brought the Child Jesus into the Temple, and Simeon and Anna recognised Him as the Christ.

"On Candlemas Daye, it shall be declared that the bearynge of candles is done in the Memorie of Christe, the spiritual Lyghte whom Simeon did prophecye,—(a Lyghte to lyghten the Gentiles,) as it is redde in the churche that daye."

From an old document, time of Henry VIII.

Dawns now the Feast of Purity,
Fair day and bright;
Gladdening our eyes comes Candlemas,
Bright Feast of Light!

Emblem and "Memorie of Christe,"
Who, from afar,
Pitied our darkness and arose
Our Morning Star.

Within the sacred Temple now
His beams arise;
Around the Child what glory shines
To Mary's eyes!

For Simeon, who waited long
The Christ to see,
Prays, "Let Thy servant now depart
In peace to Thee!

"Thou, Lord, dost send salvation down;
We bless Thy Name;
Thy people's glory in Thy Son
Thou shalt proclaim!

"For lo! this Child, the world's True Light,
Our grief hath healed;
Thy Consolation, Israel,
Is here revealed!"

The Babe within the prophet's arms
(Joy long foretold!)
Reminds us how our God fulfilled
His Word of old:

When earth in formless darkness lay,—
Creation's Night,—
That Word the awful silence broke,
And there was Light.

And we in depths of sin have heard
That Voice Divine,
Bidding our earth-soiled, darkened souls
"Arise and shine!"

On Candlemas be candles borne
In blessed sign,—
Emblem and "Memorie of Christe,
Our Light Divine."

THE CHIVALRY OF FRANCE

"Indeed, the chivalry, the gallantry, the picturesqueness of this case are all on one side. . . . Some day, a French sculptor will make a monumental group . . . an ideal figure of Justice; and he will place at the angles of its pedestal portrait-statues of the three Frenchmen who, in their generation, have best illustrated the ideal of justice: the scholar Zola, the soldier Picquart, the lawyer Labori. Editorial *New York Times.*

A VOICE was heard,— a stirring voice that
called a world to hear:
An echo of old chivalry that will not stoop to
fear.
"A wrong is done!" the voice proclaimed:
"Let Truth be brought to light;
One stands accused, assailed of men, yet guiltless in God's sight!"

There sprang to meet him bitter foes; suspicion, falsehood, blame;
A storm of insult, fierce and fast, rose like a
leaping flame;
Yet hush! The tumult dies away; 'tis silent
grown, for shame. . . .

They gathered to the struggle, then,— the
bravest, truest men,
Who nobly grasp the warrior's sword, or wield
the scholar's pen;

Three shining names to grace, indeed, the pages
of Romance —
The Writer, and the Jurist, and the soldier true,
of France!

The voice of *Émil Zola* and his great words yet
vibrate
In every soul to manhood true, to honor consecrate;
Picquart, undaunted, speaks for truth,— not
glory and not fame,—
But simple justice is his plea, to save a brother's
name!
Labori speaks in keen defence,— mighty in word
and glance,—
For Faith unstained, for conscience pure, for
chivalry in France!

Full on the page of History their deeds shall be
enrolled;
Thy genius and thy praise, fair Land, thy noblest sons uphold!
Some strange and subtle alchemy, some wave of
mighty power
Works, with resistless force, to bring the inevitable hour;
A world awaited, breathless, while their judges
stood apart:
"Not guilty!" was the verdict in each true and
loyal heart:

As once, before the hosts of God, moved on the
Cloud and Flame,—
That Fire, through ages shining still, Ideal
Truth we name;
And Equity, unmoving star, eternally the same!

It is the hour for Justice! Let unsullied Truth
advance
For Honor and for Brotherhood, for Chivalry
in France!

OVER THE GATEWAY AT NEWBURYPORT

A chapel stands at the entrance of the cemetery at Newburyport, Massachusetts. One who has now passed into the light chose the inscription.

"WHAT shall we carve above the solemn gateway,
What word of cheer that sorrowing eyes may see?"
Her voice replied, soft as a strain of music,
"UNTIL THE DAY BREAKS — AND THE SHADOWS FLEE!"

Dear heart,— prophetic heart! That word triumphant
Still echoes back, through weary years, to me;
Though parted now from thee, I, too, am waiting
Until the day shall break — the shadows flee!

"The daybreak!" Faith her steadfast gaze is turning
Through Life's long midnight to that star of dawn; —
That dawn shall see fulfilled each heart's wild yearning,
And parting,— Life's stern shadow,— shall be gone!

"The daybreak!" In that morning I shall find her,—
The face that on my life shone like a star;
Through many a night of tears God shows in vision
The Land of Light where our beloved are!

The Land where none shall say "'Tis night"; where sorrow
Shall enter not, nor Death with cruel dart;
"The daybreak" in that fair, that bright to-morrow,
Where soul with soul shall speak, and heart to heart!

"Until the day break!" Yes, our hearts are resting
On Him we trust, the while we cannot see;
He keeps our treasures safe, and He will keep them
"UNTIL THE DAY BREAKS — AND THE SHADOWS FLEE!"

And so we carved above the solemn gateway
The word of cheer for sorrowing eyes to see;
Her brave true words, her joy and hope triumphant:
"UNTIL THE DAY BREAKS — AND THE SHADOWS FLEE!"

THE BEAUTIFUL ROD

"All ye that are about him, bemoan him, . . . and ye that know his name, say
'How is the strong staff broken, and the beautiful rod.'"

Mourn for him, hearts that loved him,
Ye that have known his name;
To him the last dread summons
So early came!

But late, he lingered with us,
Earth's weary pathway trod,—
The "strong staff" of the household,—
The beautiful rod!

That life so much of brightness,
So much of promise gave,—
And could it sink in silence,
Hushed in the grave?

And can we write the record,
"Forever done with Time?"
Tell that his life was noble,
His aim sublime?

His life, that lifted others,
Made Heaven more near,— more sure;
Aye, write "*Integer Vitae!*"
Upright and pure!

Tears fall; for he is lying
  Beneath the church-yard sod;
" How is the strong staff broken,
  The Beautiful Rod!"

Nay, mourn *not*, hearts that loved him,
  And ye that know his name!
'Twas God's own call from heaven
  That hour came!

Not ours to see the angels,
  White winged, around him throng;
Not ours to hear their music,
  Their thrilling song!

Glad welcome from the blessed
  The ransomed spirit meets;
The weary feet are walking
  The shining streets.

The hands in prayer oft lifted
  Now strike the harps of gold;
And strange and rapturous visions
  Angels unfold!

Lift *we* our hearts to heaven,
  There where he dwells with God;
The " strong staff " all unbroken,
  The Beautiful Rod!

THE HARPER,— NOT THE HARP

"The relation of life to the body is not that of the harmony,— but of the harper to the harp."

JOSEPH COOK.

WHAT though the harp-strings sever?
What though they vibrate no more
To the Master's touch, and forever
The old, sweet music is o'er?

Think you, the *soul* of the music,
Its being, its nobler part,
Dwelt in the chords now shattered,
Or throbbed in the player's heart?

The rapture of bliss or of sorrow,—
Proud waves that o'erleap control,—
Only tell us the harp-strings borrow
The passionate voice of a soul!

Shall not the hand of the harper
Sweep over nobler strings?
Shall not new songs to heaven
Float, as on angel-wings?

So when this matchless temple
(House whence the dweller has fled)
Lies silent,— a shrine deserted,—
Why mourn we the *living* as dead?

O mystery! strange, sweet story,
That mortals *immortal* are!
Each differs from each in glory,
As radiant star from star.

So let the harp be broken,
Low in the dust let it lie;
It was but a beautiful token
Of music that never can die.

And there, where the hand of the Master,
Touches a loftier lyre,—
There echoes the music immortal,
The song of the angel-choir.

"THEN, FACE TO FACE"

"For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then, face to face: now I know in part; but then I shall know even as also I am known."

I Corinthians 13:12.

"THEN, face to face!" O heart bereft,
For you these words of grace!
"Now darkly, through a glass, we see,"
But *shall* see face to face.

"We know in part!" Ah, *this* we hold,
His word, who loves us so:
"*Not now* thou readest what I do,
Hereafter thou shalt know."

"As in a mirror," shadowy, strange,
Life's changing moments pass;
Our wondering vision penetrates
Dimly, as through a glass.

But *then* all secrets shall be told,
All mysteries made our own;
Now know we part; but *then* shall know
"As we are fully known."

"We know in part" that human love —
Best treasure to us given —
Is not of earth; it is not lost:
It is our own, in heaven!

Parted on earth, our clasping hands
Divide; our hearts retrace
Each word, each touch in memory
Awhile —" *then, face to face!* "

PART III

DEVOTIONAL

THE GUEST-CHAMBER

"The Master saith, 'Where is the guest-chamber?'"
Mark 14: 14.

Is it to me the Master sends
The message of His grace?
Can He desire within my door
A dwelling-place?

Oh, if like that in Bethany
My home might be so blest,
As to receive the Lord Himself,
The wondrous Guest,—

How would swift Love the place prepare
Where he should soon abide,
And every toil and every care
Be glorified!

And when His step the threshold crossed,
How sacred evermore
Would be this little room of mine,
This lowly door!

Listen, my soul! He comes indeed
To be a guest of thine;
Know that thy human heart may be
His sacred shrine;

Sacred and blest forevermore,
Since He will enter there;
Oh, let His dwelling be prepared
With faith and prayer.

Wouldst thou unto the Master's will
Thine own will consecrate?
Look on His brethren poor and sad,
Without thy gate;

Hear then what tender words He speaks,
The Sinless, Undefiled:
"Once I was poor, I dwelt on earth
A little child;

"And every gentle ministry
Of love, whate'er it be,
When given to my friendless ones,
Is given to me."

Behold, He's standing at the door;
Hasten thy Lord to meet!
Bid Him come in that thou mayst kneel
Low at His feet.

There wilt thou learn, as Mary did,
The heavenly path to choose.
O Saviour, enter! Let me not
Thy presence lose!

THE UNKNOWN TRAVELLER TO EMMAUS

"Two of them went that same day, at evening, to a village called Emmaus, . . . and Jesus himself drew near, and went with them." *Luke 24: 15.*

"Talking with Jesus, on the highway side of Time."
I. M. H.

THE day wears on to eventide,
His Resurrection Day;
Two friends, who walk to Emmaus,
Begin their homeward way.

In broken words they tell it o'er,—
All, all their bitter loss:
The riven rocks, the opened graves,
The darkness of the Cross!

O sorrow-laden hearts! ye walk
Still onward in the gloom,
Who yet believe your Risen Lord
Is laid in Joseph's tomb.

"We trusted that it had been he!"
(So hope will strive with fear);
And while they thus of him commune,
Jesus himself draws near:

"Jesus himself,"— and yet unknown!
Thus, in his love and power,
He ever meets the sorrowful
In sorrow's darkest hour.

O Master! As we journey on,
From morn till eventide,
This, only this, we ask: to know
Thee ever by our side!

Still "on the highway side of Time"
That voice beloved to hear,
That sympathy divine — to know
"Jesus himself draws near!"

What if our eyes are holden, still
Thy face we may not see?
Dost thou not with thy brethren walk,
Whene'er they talk of thee?

"Why are ye sad?" So graciously
He makes their cares his own;
Each human sigh finds echo there,
Before his Father's throne!

Our Friend draws near; walks by our side
Into the twilight dim;
And though the night of grief be dark,
Its shadow falls on him.

Master! In all our journeying
  Thy presence we discern,
And while we walk and talk with thee,
  Our hearts within us burn

To know thee, Lord! know more and more,
  The wonder of thy grace;
Bring us, one day, to talk with thee,
  And see thee face to face!

IN THE MORNING

"But when the morning was now come, Jesus stood on the shore; but the disciples knew not that it was Jesus." *John 21:4.*

WHEN from my sight the last earth-shadow falls,
When Life's last midnight is o'er,
Just as the morn on the river shall dawn,
Jesus will stand on the shore.

Yes, 'twill be morning! The light of His Face
Shines down that pathway of gloom;
Vanished thy terror, thy victory, Death,
Since *He* was laid in the tomb!

Since "He is risen!" O rapturous word!
Risen! "He goeth before!"
When He shall bid me "Come over," I know
Jesus will stand on the shore!

How can I fear, then, that river to cross?
(Hushed are its storms evermore);
How can I faint when I watch for His smile,
His, who will stand on the shore?

Yes, He is watching; He stilleth the waves,
Bearing His ransomed ones o'er;
Ready to welcome each pilgrim, He stands
Waiting on Heaven's bright shore.

And *I shall see Him*, who once on the earth
Robes of mortality wore;
Onward, blest spirit, look onward and see
Jesus,— He stands on the shore!

"I *would* have told you!" That word of His love
Comforts my soul more and more;
Jordan rolls darkly,— but morning is near,
And Jesus will stand on the shore!

Spirit of mine, when the shadow of death
Clouds o'er thy heaven, once more
Fear not, Oh, fear not! The river once crossed,
Jesus will stand on the shore!

AT MIDNIGHT — A CRY

"And at midnight there was a cry made, 'Behold the bridegroom cometh,— go ye out to meet him.'"
Matthew 25: 6.

WHO is sleeping? Who is watching?
Who the marriage feast shall miss?
Would your lamps have e'er been lighted
But for this?

But for this, the marriage supper;
Mystic, glowing, wondrous hour,—
When the midnight blooms, all golden
Like a flower?

Hark, a voice upon the midnight;
Lo, the Bridegroom's drawing near;
Take your lamps, and haste to meet Him,—
He is here!

Hasten, fold your white veils 'round you;
Hold your lamps aloft, alight,—
Let their shining bid him welcome
Through the night!

Swift the blessed ranks are filling;
In the midst His face is seen;
Yet a cry of desolation
Sweeps between!

Can such sorrow, such lamenting,
Blot out joy on such a night?
Who could stand here, idle, dreaming,
And — no light?

Darkened lamps! Yet *once* their beaming,
Each through shadow, shone a star:
All were sleeping; but the waking,
Different far.

"Lamps gone out?" Ah, vows were broken,
Vows recorded, sealed, above:
"Darkened lamps!" Sad, silent token
Of dead love!

Now, 'tis all in vain, their seeking
His dear presence evermore;
Shut in, now, the marriage splendor,—
Closed the door.

Shut in, blessed ones; the raptured
Hidden ones,— His own, His Bride:
Only midnight for the weeping
Shut outside.

Shall the Bridegroom's coming find us
In that hour convicted, dumb?
"In that hour," "*the hour you think not,*"
He will come.

We are going forth to meet Him,
Christ the risen, glorified;
Oh! to meet Him, when He cometh
For His Bride!

Ever deeper fall the shadows,
Ere that solemn midnight cry;
Waiting, shining, are we ready —
You and I?

Ready for the marriage glory,
Joy of harp, and flower, and song;
"In the presence of the Angels"
Where they throng: —

Closed the doors, their secret keeping,—
Who shall tell the bliss within?
But that secret, faithful spirit,
You shall win.

Let your life shine out,— a beacon
Lest some other life be lost;
Thou art won, but by His dying,—
Priceless cost!

Watch! Oh, keep your lamp still burning;
Heart and hand and love employ,
Till He bids you enter, sharing
In His joy!

Shining through Life's deepening shadows,
Ere that solemn midnight cry;
Are we ready for His coming —
You and I?

"I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU"

A missionary to China relates that soon after her first arrival there, she talked with a Chinese woman at the latter's own door. They exchanged only a few words, and the missionary promised to call soon to see her. She could not do so for months, but when she *did* call, the woman was standing in her door, and received her with the words, *"I've been waiting for you."*

ONLY a few words of greeting,
Yet all through the summer day,
In the teacher's heart there were thrilling
Sweet echoes that seemed to say,—

"Dear friend, from a strange, far country,
You have come o'er the ocean blue!
Did you know, when your feet turned hither,
That some one was waiting for you?

"Waiting,— while, eager with longing,
Often my heart would swell,
Waiting, with hope and patience,
For the story your lips would tell!

"Now you have come, and I bless you
For all you have brought to me;
For the 'better hope' and the promise
Of a heaven mine eyes shall see!

"You have come, like your Master, to show us
The way to His heavenly home;
A light through our darkness breaking,
The shining of glory to come!"

And *we*,— do *we* hear them calling?
Oh, listen! The story is true!
To us, from afar, come sad voices,
"*We're waiting*,— waiting for you!

"Waiting,— for you to remember
That here we have never heard
Of a joy that makes life all brightness,
Of the comfort in God's sweet word!

"For we, *we too*, need a Saviour!
Life is mystery, sorrow, and fear!
O Christians! Remember us, send us
That Gospel *you* hold so dear!"

Are we listening, then, through the silence?
Do our hearts long to heed the call?
The Redeemer, in whom we are trusting,
Has told us He died *for all!*

Let us hasten, with prayers, our answer
To send o'er the far, blue sea,
To sad hearts, still dwelling in darkness,
Waiting,— for you, and for me!

"EVEN THINE ALTARS"

"A day in thy courts is better than a thousand. . . . Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, even thine altars, O Lord of Hosts."
Psalm 84: 10, 3.

How dear Thy courts, my God! I cried;
My soul forever for them longs;
Who dwelleth in Thy House is blest
In praising Thee with grateful songs.

Why go I mourning, why cast down?
Why yet should grief my tongue employ?
I will with haste His altars find,
For God is my exceeding joy.

He will give grace, and glory too,
No good thing holding back from me;
From strength to strength He leads me on;
My sun and shield, and song is He!

A day within Thy courts, O God,
Is better than all earthly days;
Let me be keeper of the door,
Let me be singing still Thy praise.

Thither Thy winged birds may come,
The swallow build her nest and sing;
The sparrow too has found a home,—
Even Thine altars, O our King!

NOT FORGOTTEN

"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? I say unto you, not one of them is forgotten before God."

"Therefore it is a blessed place; and the sparrow in high grace.
It cometh therefore to this, Lord! I have considered thy word:
And henceforth I will be Thy bird!"

GEORGE MACDONALD.

"NOT one of them forgotten?" Oh, not one
Before that throne where shining angels sing;
Through all Heaven's glory our eternal God
Marks the least flitting of a sparrow's wing.

And if the sparrow is remembered there
In that great deep of love, my Father's heart,
Is not each whisper of my faltering prayer
Remembered,— cared for,— of His plan a part?

Yes, though a mother *can* her child forget,
His promise stands,— He does remember thee;
Doubt not His Word,— His love on thee is set:
Rest then, and trust Him where thou canst not see.

And since no sparrow is forgotten there,—
The God who made the birds remembers all,—
He feeds them, guides their journey through the air,
And not without His care the sparrows fall!

This is a King, who bids me come to Him;
And as a child his small petition brings,
So I, my greater need; I know my God
Is great! and *wondrous* great, in little things!

ENCAMPING ANGELS

"The word spoken by angels." *Hebrews 2:2.*

"Spoken by the Lord." *Hebrews 2:3.*

"The Angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him and delivereth them."

HUSH! we are surrounded!
See you not the foe —
All encamped and guarded,
Watching us below?

"Yes," I said, "I see them,—
They are very near;
I can hear their footsteps,
Yet I do not fear.

"For oh, look, my brother,
Nearer than the foe
Are the tents of Angels
Shining pure as snow.

"See the shining sentries
Pace our camp to-night,
Rank on rank of Watchers
Glorious in their might.

"He who is their Captain
Bids me trust His care;
Well I know His bright ones
Keep their vigil there.

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"Hosts may camp against me,—
Heart, thou shalt not fear!
He, the Lord of Angels,
God our King is here."

THE KING'S CUP-BEARER

"I was the king's cup-bearer. . . . Now I had not been aforetime sad in his presence. . . . Then the king said unto me, 'For what dost thou make request?' So I prayed unto the God of heaven."

Nehemiah 2:2–4.

Are you sad in His presence to-day?
But the King has the same kingly power;
And His glance as you bring him the wine
Notes the shadow that darkens this hour.

"The cup that held solace,—'twas mine,"
(Said the prophet), "Mine office to bring,
And I counted it privilege high
But to minister thus to the King.

"Now I had not aforetime been sad
In His presence; nay, joyful I'd wait:
But *this* day, O my people, I mourned
For Jerusalem's desolate gate;

"For her gates, burned with fire, and torn down,
For her sepulchres, wasted with years;
And you, O my brethren, in grief,
In reproach, and affliction, and tears!"

Thus bearing the cup filled with wine
To my lord, I was silent apart.
"Why," he graciously asked, "are you sad?
Nay, this must be sorrow of heart!"

Oh, the wonderful grace in his words!
(Yet why should I tremble and fear?)
When his glance in its kindness said, "Come!
I invite you, my friend, to draw near."

Then, as friend would hold converse with friend,
Gravely spoke he: "I read in your face
You would ask for some favor. Say on."
So I prayed to the God of all grace.

Asked the King, then (the queen sitting by),
"And how long shall your journeying be?"
Then I gave him a day for return,
And he smiled: "All is ordered for thee!"

Thus were granted my wish and my prayer:
Fair Jerusalem's walls to restore;
Ah! 'twas from the good hand of my God:
His name let us bless evermore!

Oh, to bear the full cup to the King!
Pour out the sweet wine of His grace!
When He bids me His praises to sing,
Or tell of the light of His Face!

Some path in His service to tread,
What joy in my heart would be stirred,—
If I may for the needy break bread,—
The Bread, His own life-giving Word!

"I AM JOSEPH"

"His brethren could not answer him."
Genesis 45: 1, 2.

"They knew not that Joseph understood them."
Genesis 42: 23.

THEN they heard a voice of weeping,
Saw the mighty Ruler's tears,
Felt his heart in sweet relenting,
Pent-up love of all the years!

"*I am Joseph* — O my brothers!"
(Tender word of love and grace)
"And my father — is he living?
Shall I yet behold his face?

"*I am Joseph* — O my brothers,
Come ye near to me, come near;
Not in grief, or self-accusing,
Not in penitence nor fear;

"It is I — your brother Joseph;
Be not grieved, nor angry now
With yourselves; 'tis all forgiven —
This, my loving, solemn vow.

"'Twas not you who sent me hither;
God hath brought me; 'twas His will;
I am Joseph; O my brothers,
Is my father living still?

"Though ye thought to do me evil,
God hath meant it unto peace;
'Twas for me to save the people,
From the famine to release;

"Yes, 'twas God! He surely led me
Many souls alive to save;
He has seen your true repentance,
Long ago your sin forgave.

"And now hasten to my father,
(Ne'er his love my heart forgot);
Tell him Joseph sends him greeting,
Come to me, and tarry not.

"*I am Joseph* — O my brothers,
Is my father living still?
Shall I, once again, be with him?
God, the blessed hope fulfill!"

Our true Joseph! Thou art living;
Coming — coming to Thine own;
O that day — that day of meeting,
When Thyself Thou wilt make known!

"IF THOU HADST KNOWN!"

"And when he drew nigh he saw the city and wept over it, saying, 'If thou hadst known in this day, even thou the things that belong unto thy peace! But now they are hid from thine eyes.'"

He looked upon the city walls,
Fair gleaming in the sun;
Each tower and minaret and spire
Flashed fire, one by one;

While tender thoughts of love and grief
That gracious heart o'erflow,
For human lives and human homes,—
(And He had loved them so).

And now within the Saviour's soul
What pitying love is stirred,—
Divinest longing, pain, and grief
Speak in each tender word:

"Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
I would have gathered thee,
As in a mother's brooding care,—
Ye would not come to me!

"Oh, in that day, Jerusalem,
The things ye now despise
Held great and glorious gifts for thee,—
Now hidden from thine eyes:

"If thou hadst known, Jerusalem,
How I have yearned o'er thee,
To save thee from thy sin and woe,
To draw thee unto me:

"Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
If only thou hadst known
The things that to thy peace belong,—
Now thou art left alone.

"Thy house is left so desolate,—
The glory from it flown,—
Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
If only thou hadst known!"

The Voice Divine is hushed through tears;
His eyes the future see;
Oh, weep and pray, Jerusalem,—
Thy Saviour wept o'er thee!

AT THE CRADLE IN BETHLEHEM

"Whoever is in darkness and would have light, may see himself in the person of one or all of the Magi who came to the cradle of the infant Saviour. . . . Probably these were disciples of Zoroaster, and Zoroaster had predicted in his 'Avesta' that three great deliverances should come and that the 'Star' should lead the way to Bethlehem. . . . 'Bethlehem! Bethlehem!' was on their lips: they forgot the King and the Sanhedrin: they had learned the word 'Bethlehem' . . . And lo! the Star!"

From a Christmas sermon in the Cathedral.

"Speak, little Babe! Why art thou here,
Among the cattle-stalls?"
The infant lips are very still;
No answer from them falls:

Only that winning, childish grace,
Most mystical, most sweet;
I look, and look, and kneeling, fall
Before that Baby's feet.

Oh, tell us, where is happiness?
Sweet Child, so heavenly fair!
His smile, His upward glances soft
Answer, "Not here, but there!"

Not where the world is bowing down
At Herod's proud behest;
And not in Cæsar's palace-hall
Is Happiness a guest.

"O world," I said, "for this poor heart,
And for this wayward mind,
And for this sorrow, old yet new,
What solace canst thou find?"

What, save unrest and chilling doubt?
There is no favored spot,
No garden of delight and peace,
Where sorrow enters not.

Yes, come with me to Bethlehem;
Come with the Shepherds kind;
And nevermore thou'lt vainly seek
Thy happiness to find.

Come, kneel in Bethlehem beside
A cradle rude and wild,
Where Mary Mother softly prays
Above a sleeping Child.

Follow the Star! Lo! now it rests
Over that lonely door,
While Joseph and the Magi kneel
And reverently adore!

GIFTED FOR GIVING

"Let us, with Carey, write down, as the first article in our creed, '*the infinite value of a soul*'; let us make our own the experience of Krishnu Pal, the Hindoo convert: 'Now it is in my mind to dwell continually upon the love of Christ, and to say unto Him, "Come and I will give Thee the throne within my breast and will invite others to admire Thine excellencies. . . ."'"

The last lines written by Whittier were these:

"*Giftless* we come to Him who all things gives,
And live *because He lives.*"

Is there a gift in thy hand
That the Lord thy Redeemer would use?
'Tis an *honor* if He but command,
It is *joy* if He willeth to choose.

But what wilt *thou* give to thy Lord,
For His mercy to thee beyond reach?
If *giftless*, thy thanks have no word,
But *Love's giving* is eloquent speech.

Is it *money*, indeed, gift of thine?
Yet 'tis His, He has given it all;
If His name on the gold shall but shine,
'Tis a messenger sent at His call.

Gifted of God! Shall we stand
Bounty to claim evermore?
Ever the out-reaching hand,
Ever the knock at the door?

Gifted by day and by night,
For rest and for busy employ;
For " the man who is good in His sight
Hath wisdom, and knowledge, and joy."

Is it *love* thou wilt bring to His shrine?
His love was first given to thee;
And the gift of the Giver Divine
Is love's shoreless and fathomless sea.

Shall incense of *prayer*, like a cloud,
Ascend from thy life to His throne?
But His spirit *thy* spirit endowed
With the breathing of prayer —'tis His own.

It is Christ who doth still intercede
All thy heart in His heart to unfold;
'Tis mercy, 'tis mercy indeed
Still lifteth the censer of gold!

Lord, we give not, we only receive;
Yet hear our thanksgiving to-day;
And give us more grace to believe,
With the Hindoo disciple to pray,—

Come, Lord, I would give Thee the throne,
As Sovereign to rule in my breast;
Come, take Thou the sceptre, Thine own,
One gift shall include all the rest.

MISSING THE DIVINE

"Have I been so long time with you,— and yet hast thou not known Me?" *John 14: 9.*

MISSING — in the day-bright hours,
Through this busy life of mine,—
Hearing not the soft, still Voice,—
Am I missing the Divine?

In the tender ties that bind
Hearts to thee,— O heart of mine,—
In the lovely light of Home,—
Am I missing the Divine?

Let me listen, Lord, for Thee,—
Every voice be hushed, but Thine;
Speak, O Master, speak to me,—
Let me miss not the Divine.

VIA DOLOROSA

"And He bearing His cross went forth into a place . . . called Golgotha." *John 19:17.*

"He walked that sorrowful Way for me."

WHO has walked this way before me?
Whose the footprints that I see?
Once, a Friend such pity bore thee,
He this way has walked for thee.

Oh, this path of grief and weeping
Has another trod before?
One such love for thee was keeping,
Never heart has loved thee more.

Then I cannot faint, though sorrow
Day and night my journey fill:
Nay, fear not, fear not to-morrow,—
He is walking with thee still.

"BY FAITH, 'TIS A LOOK INTO GLORY"

"Now faith is the ground (or confidence) . . . the evidence of things hoped for,— the evidence of things not seen." *Hebrews 11: 1.*

"By faith! A look into glory! That is the privilege of the Christian soul." REV. DR. STAKELY.

"Now Faith" is "things hoped for,"— the clasping
A Hand meeting mine in the dark:
It is resting in Arms Everlasting,—
'Tis the dove flying back to the Ark.

Now faith is the confident standing
On promises, firm as God's throne:
'Tis the heart's instinct, truer than Reason,—
It is *knowing* what else were unknown!

"By faith" afar off to behold it,
That heavenly country of mine!
"By faith," 'tis a look into glory,—
A *proving* the promise Divine!

While here I'm abiding, a pilgrim,
Earth's pathway of joy yet untrod,
I am looking by faith to that city
Whose Builder and Maker is God.

"By faith!" How it rings out in music,
Triumphantly thrilling and sweet;
How it echoed the song of Faith's victors,
The tread of their conquering feet!

On earth long as strangers they journeyed;
How nobly each burden they bore!
"By faith" they were seeking that country
Where weeping shall enter no more!

"AS YESTERDAY, WHEN IT IS PAST"

"A thousand years, in Thy sight, are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night."

As yesterday when past and gone,
As midnight melteth into dawn,—
So the years are in His sight,
As a watch in silent night.

In the "yesterdays" sublime,
When the years began in Time,—
Sun and shadow, nights and days
Wheeled within their cycles fine;

With the morning stars they sang,
Answering the Call Divine;
Sang their great Creator's praise,—
Oh, the *first* of yesterdays!

And the years were, in His sight,
As a watch in silent night;
And we read them, at the last,
"As when yesterday is past."

Did we promise, yesterday,
We would trust His care?
Did we doubt Him yesterday?
Still His faithfulness would spare,—
Still He hath forgiven!

Round us stole a purer air,
  Like a breath from Heaven;
  Very near He stooped to listen
To that whispered prayer.

There were days of peace Divine,
  When our spirits sought for God;
Did His face upon us shine,
  Brightening the paths we trod?
Sabbath hours of hallowed praise,—
Consecrated yesterdays!

For the years are, in His sight,
As a watch within the night;
And He reads them, at the last,
As "when yesterday is past."

History and destiny,
  Many a rich and glowing theme,
All wrapped up in yesterday,
  Seem, today, no passing dream;
Reverently doth mem'ry stay
  On the threshold, at the door,
Reading, o'er the portal there,
  Glorious names of light and power
    Glorifying yesterday!

Oh, the thought of yesterday!
  Hours so blest that could not last;
Joys so dear, to fleet away,—
  All, with yesterday, is past!
Gone, both joy and light,
As a watch in silent night!

Blessed thought of yesterday!
When a voice, a tender tone,
Whispered "patience" through our tears:
  "Gone,— but for a little while."
We were left, ah, how alone!
  Gone the touch, the voice, the smile;
"Ours," we said, "it was our own."
Oh, the sacred moments gone,—
Yesterdays of happy years!

And the years are, in His sight,
As a watch is, in the night;
And He reads them, at the last,
As "when yesterday is past!"

PART IV

TRANSLATIONS

PETITE MARQUISE

A CARNIVAL MASQUE

THE Carnival holds court to-day; her gala robe puts on;
Her banners float, her spangles flash upon the dazzled sight;
And these black masques, mysterious! What sudden glances shone
And glowed,— like stars through night!

With laughter gay, with bursts of song, the joyous people meet;
The sages of an hour ago are children, every one;
All haste to greet King Carnival, who floods the dark old street
With his glaring tinsel sun!

Come quickly! But why comes she not,— my charming little tease?
And who's this ancient lady, whose satins sweep the floor?
Ah, you are now a grandmamma, with powdered hair, Marquise,—
The snow that your ancestors wore!

You're so very like, dear Madame, to a little
puss I've known!
Here's her own rare smile, and her blue eyes'
sweet light;
In this chrysalis-dress, of a withered old crone,
She's hiding,— my butterfly sprite!

Thou wouldst seem, my little Marchioness, so
very grave and wise!
Ay! One truly *needs* a mask for the difficult
rôle:
For the rouge-tint on this cheek all too soon one
descries,—
And such innocence, child, in thy soul!

There's the rose-glow of the peach on thy satin-
smooth cheek;
Thy costume is a relic of the old, old days;
But the grace, the charm of spring-tide in each
winning movement speak,
And thy voice its mirth betrays!

And while the dusky mantle, with its ancient
lace and rare,
Round the fairy little maiden, like a black
cloud, clings,
Who would know my pretty rogue? Methinks,
it is a snare
Wherein she has caught her wings!

And instead of all the toys that delighted thee of old,
Thou hast feeble, tottering footsteps, and a crutch now, my sweet;
And thy god-mother's shoes, with great buckles of gold,
Hide two such dear little feet!

But let us go, my Marchioness, where ringing songs are heard;
A sedan-chair, with curtains blue, your equipage shall be;
And so you shall be carried, dear, as lightly as a bird,
And the Carnival Court you will see!

We'll meet Harlequin and clown in the joyous crowd to-day,
While Folly's cap-and-bells ring out their wild, enchanting strain;
Magnificent, in holiday, in marvellous array,
We will follow the festival train!

"Oh!" thou criest, "let us hasten, while the Carnival is here,
For to-morrow comes so soon, and its glories will be past!"
My simple little Marchioness! I tell thee *all the year*,
In Paris, does Carnival last!

Clowns, without the silken doublet or the sabre,
we shall meet;
Many minds of many hues, many heroes' sto-
ries tell;
And ah, how many Follies, dear! in passing we
may greet,
Who carry nor cap nor bell!

There are masks we wear in life (some day you
will wear one, too,—
Oft again, my sweet Marquise, to play a
part);
For the face, which ever should be of the soul
the mirror true,
How often is the mask of the heart!

Adapted from the French of A. Segalas.

FAIR GIRL — AND FAIR FLOWER

They have lowered the bier, with the Rose in her pride,—
By a father laid there, 'mid his tears, this sad hour;
Thou didst bear them, O Earth! and now thou dost hide
The fair girl — and fair flower.

Ah! give them not back to this world that profanes:
(Sad world of sighing! Grief, *grief* is its dower):
The winds break and bruise, the sun withers and stains
The fair girl — the fair flower!

Thou sleepest, Elise! Thou art weary so soon!
Yet thou never shalt bow 'neath Life's burden of power;
Your fresh morning over, ye stayed not for noon,
Fair girl — and fair flower!

And thy father, Elise! bending over thy dust,—
As the oak of the forest, in autumn's chill shower,—

Sees Time's sickle mow down at his feet,—
(cruel thrust!) —
The fair girl — the fair flower!

From the French of CHATEAUBRIAND'S *"Jeune Fille et Jeune Fleur."*

MARGUERITE DE VALOIS

"Cette brillante fleur de l'arbre des Valois,
En qui mourut le nom de tant de puissants rois:
Marguerite — pour qui tant de lauriers fleurirent:
. . . . . .
A vu fleurs et lauriers sur sa tête secher,—
Et par un coup fatal les lis s'en detacher
Las! . . .
Vaine ombre du passe!" . . .

On the tree of the Valois, that too brilliant flower
In whom perished the name of illustrious kings,
Marguerite,— for whose brow the laurel was dower,
To whom every Muse some sweet melody sings;

She has seen the white lilies all drooping and dead,
And the laurel wreath fades on her fair regal head,—
The Lilies are weary!

Vain shadow,— thy Past was so bright,— and it died;
A queen with no kingdom,— an unmated wife:
O phantom so sweet, and so noble! Thy pride
And thy name all forgotten! What, then, was thy life?

Fragment, from the French.

THE CHURCH A SYMBOL OF LIFE

Led daily by thy mother's gentle hand,
Thou kneelest in a church: how vast and grand —
And yet, my child, how fair!
The heart grows strong,— there dreams the soul of heaven —
The priest, with lifted hands, a sign has given
That Hope has met us there!

On high and solemn days this temple bright
Unveils her altar, while swift golden light
The darkness overpowers:
Then glory bursts upon the kneeling throng,
Fast fills the Church with voice of sacred song,
With breath of prayer — and flowers!

Read here a symbol: — 'Tis man's life begun:
The mother and the priestess thus are one,—
Leading the worship there;
Upon the heart's pure altar, clear and bright,
There burns a holy flame,— the two-fold light
Of faith and constant prayer!

Then fills his soul,— a pure and precious vase,—
With music, and with harmony and grace,
While light pours from above.

Within his troubled heart what dreams hold
sway! —
While song and flowers and incense whisper
"Pray,"
Deep voices whisper "*Love!*"

Alone I lingered,— chained by music's spell;
The stately church, when evening shadows fell,
Had closed its door divine;
I saw, through gloom, beneath a dark arcade
Only an aged priest, who, kneeling, prayed
Before a darkened shrine!

Thus solemn night shall close upon us all;
Song cease forever, garlands withered fall;
Joys, one by one, depart:
And he who mourns the flight of wasted years
Shall weep, with bitter, unavailing tears,
Over his lonely heart!

From the French of ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

BUT GOD FOREVERMORE IS TRUE!

The mournful autumn days are past;
  Colorless are the clouded skies;
The rose-trees shiver in the blast,
  And every flower droops and dies.

Where with the Rhone's bright waves and clear
  Mingles the Arve in sombre flow,
Three friends have wandered idly here,
  Watching the waters come and go.

And one, with laugh and careless tone,
  Spoke first: "Be mine the world to lead!
Her laws, her freedom are my own,
  And mine her light and changing creed!

"Then point me not to aught above,
  For *here* have friends the power to bless;
Pleasure and beauty, wealth and love,
  Are all the gods of happiness!"

The dull muffled sound of a great passing wave
  Seemed a voice,— stern the accent and solemn the tone:
"For pleasure, the pall,— and for beauty, the grave:
One doom for the loved, for the true, for the brave;
  One treasure — *but one* — is forever thine own!"

The second spoke: "Fate, bring me Fame!
  The laurels that my verse shall crown!
Honor supreme shall lift my name
  High, with its future proud renown!

"Glory like *this* be all for me,—
  Such immortality be mine;
My goddess bright is 'Poesy';
  I kneel before her sainted shrine!"

He ceased, and the wave thundered heavily by,—
  Then mournful the warning that burst on his ear:
"The laurel shall wither, thy glory must die,
Thy name in oblivion forgotten shall lie;
  One crown is unfading — but, mortal, not *here!*"

Answered the last: "From dreams awake!
  O friends, receive the wondrous sign:
Folly, to love what death shall take!
  Folly, for dregs to leave the wine!

"Pilgrim of toil and faith am I;
  Beyond the tomb my home I see;
My soul shall there for refuge fly,
  And God, alone, is God for me!"

He was silent. The voice came again from the
wave,—
Yet tender the tone, with a sweetness divine:
"Child of earth! 'Tis thy Lord who has con-
quered the grave!
He, alone, from its terror and darkness can
save,
And His love, alone, is eternally thine!"

And I,— this mystery I heard,
There wandering in the evening hour;
And every deep, prophetic word
Had thrilled my heart with spirit power.

Though glad and bright the Present seem,
The Future fair to mortal view,
This life shall fade — a vanished dream —
But God *forevermore* is true!

From the French.

PHILIPPINE WELSER — MARGRAVINE VON BURGAU

"THE LOVER OF ALL SAD SOULS"

In the love-story of 1547, this rash marriage, with its mingled weaving of sorrow and joy, we know that Ferdinand, nephew of Charles Fifth, first saw Philippine at Augsburg when the Imperial Parliament was there assembled. A painting of the period still exists, representing the Archduke mounted upon a white charger, galloping across the old "Heumarkt" and doffing his hat to the fair Philippine, who looks down upon him from the oriel window of the old house now in possession of the Kramer family. Of the hero of this story it has been said that "between the blackened furrows in the garden of chivalry still blossomed such flowers of knighthood as Bayard and Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria." The poem by Caroline Pichler opens with the incident of "Die Schone Welserin am Fenster"— and Philippine questions her own heart. The verses, which I have "adapted" rather than literally translated, may be called a "versified romance," since it is partly taken from an old ballad.

I

HARK! The old tower-clock is striking;
Hour of Fate! 'Tis drawing nigh!
Dare I here await his coming?
Shall I, like a coward, fly?
Deeper still 'twould drive the arrow
In that sorely wounded breast;
Should I, shrinking from his glances,
Flee, as if by guilt oppressed!

II

Well, what *is* my fault, my folly?
Beauty charms,— and youth is sweet;
His deep eyes, such truth revealing,
Drew my soul his soul to meet.
Ah, he's brave, as he is gentle,—
Wise, and beautiful, and true!
Could I, such a heart resisting
Coldly, proudly say " Adieu "?

III

No! I know I must hope nothing!
Dream I no fond dream today!
Clear before me lies my future,
Thorn-beset my chosen way.
To the Kaiser's son 'tis madness
I should lift my daring gaze.
See! The diadem of princes
Warns me back with angry blaze!

IV

Hark! What mean these hurrying footsteps,—
Martial music,— beat of drums?
Joyfully the people gather:
Heaven! 'Tis he! He comes! he comes!
Stateliest o'er them all he towers,
Yet a greeting kind bestows
On the throng that, like a river,
Round his Arab courser flows.

V

Ah! His eyes are quick to see her
Through the curtain-veil of lace;
Swift his ardent, flashing glances
Seek the casement,— and her face!
Love, that knows nor rank nor station,
Love has shown the heart its queen,
And the Kaiser's son is captive
To the lovely Philippine.

VI

Daily passing now her dwelling,—
Sweet the pang that, day by day,
Mightier in his proud breast swelling,
Light Hope's star with dazzling ray.
Soon, ah, soon, he dares to picture
All that fills his glowing soul;
While *she* sees, with dark foreboding,
Storm-clouds o'er their future roll!

VII

"Think not now of love!" she warns him;
"Think! Your throne — your rank recall!"
Nobly spoken! But he whispers,
"For *your* sake I'd give them all!
Ah, you cannot *choose* but listen;
All my fate lies in your hands;
E'en *your* stern resolve must waver
Where my stronger will commands!"

VIII

It was thus the minstrel told it
To the harp in simple strain:
How the fair patrician maiden
Loved, and was beloved again.

When the harper wandered, singing
Olden songs, from door to door,
Oft was heard the sweet sad story
Of the knightly days of yore.

Oft this tale of love and sorrow
From bright eyes a tear would win,
While the harp the woes would borrow
Of the lovely Welserin.

IX

Can she, then, resign her treasure,—
All unmoved his pleading hear?
Dim with grief and sore displeasure
That bright glance,— so fond, so dear?

Torn with doubt and love and sorrow,
She her hand is yielding now;
And the priest, with sign and blessing,
Consecrates their solemn vow.

X

Philippine! What rash delusion
Bade deceit but duty seem?
Comes the fatal retribution,
Banishing their lovely dream.
For the haughty Kaiser, learning
To what height she dared aspire,
Speaks in malediction burning
Words of swiftly kindled ire:

XI

" Since my power ye both have slighted,
This my firm resolve shall be:
(*Though the hands by priest united*
Ne'er shall part by man's decree:)
This my sentence, stern, unchanging:
He who dares my name disgrace,
She my anger thus defying,
Never more shall see my face! "

XII

From a clear sky lightning flashes:
So that word to loving hearts;
" *Nevermore!* " with sorrow dashes
All their joy, and hope departs.
Steals the shadowy, dark " tomorrow "
Where but late such bliss was seen;
Think not, Ferdinand, thy sorrow
Thou canst hide from Philippine!

XIII

Marking thus his silent anguish,
Her true heart is pierced with grief;
"I alone," she cries, "am guilty,—
Mine the hand shall bring relief!
Rob thee of thy father's blessing?
I to bring thee grief so sore?
No! What Love has taken from thee,
Dearest, Love shall give once more!"

XIV

High resolve and spirit dauntless
Speed her purpose, brave and sweet;
Well she knows the Kaiser's castle;
Thither, thither haste her feet,—
Now, unknown, to seek his presence,
And her grief, her pain reveal;
He will show her that compassion
Which his noble heart *must* feel!

XV

There he holds his court imperial,
In Bohemia's city old,
Distant Prague. No friend awaits her,—
All are strangers, careless, cold.
Stands she 'mid the host that, thronging,
Press around the Kaiser's throne;
Every heart for help is longing,
Every eye seeks his alone.

XVI

Now his gaze, with pleasure bending
On that fairest, sweetest face,
Meets angelic mildness, blending
With a maiden's gentle grace.
Silently he looks, and wonders
Why she stirs and charms him so;
Bends to hear, with strange emotion,
All the lovely stranger's woe.

XVII

Simply, trustingly, she tells him
How a brave knight loved her well;
How the pure, deep peace of loving
Harsh his father's words dispel!
Fiercest scorn their marriage kindled
For the daughter, yet unknown;
He has sworn, with malediction,
Son and daughter to disown!

XVIII

"This shall *never* be! I *swear* it!"
Speaks the Kaiser: "Lift thine head!
When that father's eyes behold thee,—
Trust me, thou hast naught to dread!"
"Ah! How dare I come before him?
Stern his sentence as his hate!
No! In exile I must wander,
Bear his curse — and my sad fate."

XIX

"Listen! *I* will see this noble;
Name him! Not in vain *I*'ll sue!
Were his will of iron, I'll break it!
As I'm Kaiser, this I'll do!"

"You have promised!" She is kneeling,
Joy and terror in her mien;
"Oh, that word of yours repent not
When you know me,— *Philippine!*"

XX

Backward starts the Prince in anger;
Doubt, compassion, wrath repressed,
Fiercely, in a single moment,
Battle in the Kaiser's breast.

Has not, then, his word been given
His imperial wrath to quell?
Shall he blame the *son* for yielding
Where the *father* feels the spell?

No! He can no more withstand her;
Gentle, grave, he speaks her name:
"Philippine! Thou art forgiven,—
Daughter! Thou my word shalt claim!

XXI

"Yes, thou didst indeed deceive me,—
Daring, hast defied my threat;
Yet I blame thee not! Thy sorrow
Bids me all thy fault forget!

"What is past is now forgiven,—
Heavenly joy in pardon lies;
In our hearts, new life beginning,
Stars of Love and Peace arise!"

Adapted from the German of CAROLINE PICHLER.

CHARLES FIFTH, THE PILGRIM

'Tis night; the bitter storm-wind sighs afar;
O Spanish monks, your door to me unbar.

Here let me rest, until the deep-toned bell
Wakes through the Church the anthem's solemn swell.

Within these cloistered walls prepare me room,—
The sacred habit,— and the sacred tomb;

Give me a narrow cell,— here I resign
More than the half of this proud world,—'twas mine!

This head with priestly tonsure shall be shorn
That many an earthly diadem has worn;

This shoulder, lowly bent the cowl to bear,
Did long the proud imperial ermine wear.

Ere Death draws near, I Death's release have known
And fall in ruins,— like my ancient throne.

From the German of PLATEN.

"THE MADONNA DI SAN SISTO" *

"Sie schwebt herab: die Jungfrau mit dem Kinde. . . ."

She floats in mystic light: the Virgin with the Child!
Bending upon the world her glance serene and mild;
The Earth all veiled in clouds beneath her feet,—
Sad world, look up, those blessed eyes to meet!

Saint Barbara, her lovely head bent low,
Kneels, reverent, adoring faith to show;
Sixtus, with upward gaze and shining face,
Seems telling all the miracle of Grace!

And with the Angels we, too, look above
And sing in choral praise that mighty love
That brought the Holy One, the Saviour, down.

So, Raphael, thou Angel of Revealing,
Didst see her,— and the vision fair unsealing,
Didst thou the queen of Heaven, and women, crown!

From the German of Dr. Julius Hubner.

* On the frame of the painting the words are inscribed: *"La Nostra Donna con San Sisto, é Santa Barbara: cosa veramente rarissima e singolare."*

HOLBEIN'S MADONNA

"Ein Bild der guten alten Zeit, der frommen."

A PICTURE of the good old pious times
Here charms our eyes, when Earth bloomed
pure and fair:
Dear portrait of the Mother of our Lord,
Maria! Take this house into thy care!

The Mother with her Holy Child is come,
Spreads wide her mantle o'er this hallowed home,
Where Father, Mother, children ask her care,—
Oh! all may rest in peace while she is there!

Their pious hands they fold; soft breathe the
prayer,
Each for the other kneeling; thus they share
The blessing, pardon, love, and peace; for where
Repentance dwells and hearts have nobly
striven,
Ah yes, where love abides, sin is forgiven!

The house becomes a temple, love enshrined.
Thou hast a heaven on earth to us portrayed,—
Thou Master of the German art — and mind!

From the German of PROFESSOR JULIUS HUBNER *to "Hans Holbein's Mutter Gottes."*

"OH, LOVE, WHILE LOVE AND LIFE ARE THINE"

"He who has stood beside the grave, to look back upon the companionship which has been forever closed, feeling how impotent there are the wild love, or the keen sorrow, to give one instant's pleasure to the pulseless heart, or atone in the least measure to the departed spirit for one hour of unkindness, will scarcely for the future incur that debt to the heart which can only be discharged to the dust." RUSKIN.

SONG

OH, love,— so long as love is thine,—
While heart beloved thy truth may feel;
The hour will come, the hour will come,
When thou beside the grave shalt kneel.

Oh, teach thy heart with love to glow,—
With love that's throbbing, warm, and deep,
While yet *another* heart may know
Thy own the tender bond doth keep.

Whoe'er to thee his breast unlocks,
Oh, let thy love that soul make glad!
Make while thou canst each hour bright,
And *never* make an hour sad!

And guard thy lips,— Oh, guard them well;
Too soon is said the bitter word;
Thou didst not mean it, as it fell:—
But he, thy friend who loves thee, heard!

Oh, love,— so long as Love is thine,—
  While human love thy bliss may seal;
The hour will come, the hour will come,
  When thou beside the grave wilt kneel.

Low wilt thou kneel, then, on the ground,
  And lift sad eyes while shadows pass
(They'll see thy loved one never more!)
  Through the long, sighing, church-yard grass.

Thou'lt speak: "Look down, O friend beloved,
  Dost thou not see me, weeping, here?
Forgive the word that grieved thee once;
  I meant it not,— thou wert so dear!"

But he, he sees thee not, nor hears;
  Comes not,— though thou dost call him so: —
The lips that kissed thee oft speak not,—
  Not even "Forgiven, long ago."

He did forgive thee, yet hot tears
  Oft rained (like thine upon this sod),
O'er thee and o'er thy bitter words:
  Hush, hush! He rests; he is with God.

Oh, love,— while love and life are thine,—
While heart beloved thy truth may feel;
The hour will come, the hour will come,
When thou beside the grave wilt kneel!

From the German of FREILIGRATH'S *"O lieb so lang du lieben magst."*

YEARS AFTER

I

In the vine-draped door stands the mother fair;
Her golden-haired daughter is kneeling there;
She brings forget-me-not, roses sweet,
And kisses, the mother's kind smile to meet!

"Ah, mother! when I am as tall as you,
I'll love you and watch you the whole day through!
I'll bring to you flowers from the garden-spot,
Red roses sweet, and forget-me-not!"

II

And years have fled; at the shaded door
The vine climbs, clustering more and more;
A maiden is clasped by a lover's arm,
And two hearts are beating true and warm.

On cheek and lip are his kisses pressed;
Yet the maiden weeps, in deep heart unrest,—
(Even now in his love so dear, so blest!)
Feels —"She who would joy in her child's bright lot,—
Ah, she sleeps 'neath the rose and forget-me-not!"

From the German of Adolf Böttger's *"Nach Jahren."*

THE SWALLOW FLIES

At even-song, the swallow's flying
  Beneath the eaves, swift to her nest;
O'er field and hamlet peace is lying,
  In every household peace and rest.

A shimmer falls from sunset glory,
  Soft floating in the silent street;
"Good night!" (So ends the traveller's story),
  "A lovely morn our eyes shall greet!"

From the German of Ruckert.

EVENSONG

(ABEND-FRIED)

THROUGH the golden, glowing evening
In the valley gleams the town;
All is still, and from the aspen
Not a leaflet flutters down.

Lovely is the darkening hillside
Where the violets are asleep;
Over all the woodland floateth
Evening peace, and stillness deep.

Come, sweet evening peace, and linger;
With the latest sunbeam shine;
Enter, O thou soft and holy,
Steal into this soul of mine!

Veil the fading world around me
Closely in the twilight blue,—
Only, down the far horizon,
Let my Love shine softly through!

Deeper shadows flood the valley,
Night and darkness, like the sea;
O thou dearest peace of evening,
In my heart keep watch with me!

From the German of B. SIGISMUND

GRANDMOTHER'S CHRISTMAS EVE

LEANING upon her staff, with tottering footstep,
Grandmother walks her little room to-day;
Long, long her loved ones in the grave are sleeping,
And she alone in God's wide world must stay.
Yet, on this eve of Christmas, oh! how lonely!
Her Christmas tree is blooming for her only!

Her mournful gaze rests on the soft light dancing;
(The little house is hushed in stillest sleep);
And o'er the green crown of the fir-tree glancing,
Still gleams a candle through the shadows deep;
Faint, and more faint, it shimmers in the gloom,
And darker, darker grows the little room.

Low burns the light: its last dim rays are dying;
Sad sits the aged mother near the tree;
"All, *all* are gone! I here alone am sighing,—
And has the churchyard room for all but me?"
She folds her hands; she prays with fainting breath,
"Lord Jesu-Christ, grant me a happy death!"

The night wears on,— the Christmas day is breaking;
A neighbor comes the aged friend to call;
The door is shut, her knock no answer waking,—
Could aught the dear old Grandmother befall?
She shakes the door again,— no need for more:
Back from the old lock springs the creaking door.

The fir-tree sweet, the little room perfuming,—
The neighbor all the silent place can see:
Her old friend, while the rose of dawn is blooming,
Sits cold and still before her Christmas tree.
Her prayer is heard,— her Christmas gift is given:
A happy death — a Christmas morn in heaven!

From the German of Julius Sturm.

SOLITUDE

AN ALPINE ROSE

On a mountain height where the brown moss grows
(The ice-berg's dwelling stern and rude:)
Blooms still and bright, the Alpine Rose,
A poem sweet of solitude!

From the German.

SWALLOW WISDOM

From house to house the little swallow flies,
Nor dares in her own wisdom to confide:
"Come, sisters! Seek a quiet spot," she cries,
"A spot to build, my little nest to hide!"

Then flutters all the busy, twittering train;
Each rustic roof now owns its swallow guest;
Of all the village homes but two remain,—
The cottage here, the castle,— which is best?

A warning tone! A swallow old and wise:
"Build not on yonder tower proud and strong!
They greet our brown nests with no friendly eyes,—
They have no mind to hear the swallow's song!"

"The cottage choose! A festal day is there
Whene'er we make these lowly eaves our choice;
A pious faith will make thy nest their care,
For *here* they dearly love the swallow's voice!"

From the German of Julius Sturm.

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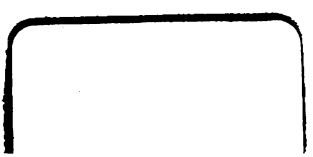
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